

THIS PAGE MADE FOR AND BY T. D. C. C. MEMBERS.

Prize For Best Story on "Vacation Time."

The children of the T. D. C. C. who vote everything as it passes, are doubtless fully sensible of the arrival of summer and fully appreciative of the joys which come in summer's train.

For summer means vacation. It means long months of out-door life and enjoyment, when one gets education from a book, which Charlotte Brontë, a talented English authoress, called, when a child, the best book in the world, after the Bible, the wonderful, entertaining book of Nature.

As the T. D. C. C. members will be largely nature students for the months of July, August and early September, the member sending in the best illustrated story on "Vacation Time" next week will receive a prize. The other prizes will be given as usual.

The children's department in *The Times-Dispatch* is to be enlarged hereafter by the introduction of amateur photography. Any member of the Children's Club having a kodak, who will send in competitive pictures of interesting scenes, people and localities will be in line for winning a prize to be awarded for the best picture of that kind.

Further details and rules will be published later.

CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

At the rich merchant's children and their people's children were there. The merchant was a learned man. He had once gone through the college examinations, for his honest father had kept him to this. His father was a cattle dealer, but was always honest and industrious. Among the rest of the children was a beautiful little girl, but the little one was terribly proud. Her father was a very grand officer, and she knew it. "I am a child of the bed chamber," she said. She told the others she was "well born," for no one that is not well born can get along in the world. "And those whose names end with 'son,'" said she, "they cannot be anything at all." But the little daughter of the merchant became angry at this speech, for her father's name was Fortune, and she knew the name ended in "son" and therefore she said, as proudly as ever she could: "But my papa can buy a hundred dollars' worth of bonbons and throw them to the children, and your papa can't."

"Yes, but my papa," said an author's little daughter, "can put your papa and everybody's papa in the newspaper. All of the people are afraid of him. He rules the paper."

But outside of the door stood a poor little boy. He was peeping through the crack of the door. He was not allowed to enter the room. He had turned the key for the cook, and she had allowed him to stand there to look at the well-dressed children who were making a merry day within, and for him that was a great deal.

"Oh, to be one of them," thought he. And then he heard what was said, which made him very unhappy. He sat at home but not a penny to buy a newspaper, much less could they write one, and worse of all his father's name ended with "son," so he could not turn out well. That was terrible. And there was done on that evening. And three other children. The children of blood and of money, and of spirit and pride. Well, they had nothing whereof to reproach each other. They turned out well enough, for they had been well-dowered by bountiful nature, and what they had thought and spoken on that evening long ago was more children's prattle.

Selected by PERCIE LANDRUM, Noels, Hanover Co., Va.

THE QUEST OF LAZY LAD.

I have you heard the tale of Lazy Lad, Who dearly loved to shirk, For he "hated" his lessons and "hated" his tasks, And "hated" to have to work? And he sailed away on a summer day, Over the ocean laden.

Said Lazy Lad, "I will seek till I find The Land of Nothing-to-do." For that is a jolly land, I know, With never a thing to do, And never an errand to bother a fellow, Till he doesn't know where to turn. And I'm told the folks in that splendid place.

May frolic the whole year through; So, everybody, good-bye! I'm off, For the Land of Nothing-to-do."

So Lazy Lad he sailed to the west, And then to the east sailed he, And he sailed north and sailed south, Over many a league of sea, And many a country fair and bright, And busy came into view, But never, alas! could he find the coast Of the Land of Nothing-to-do.

Then Lazy Lad sailed back again, And a wiser lad he was, For he said, "I've wandered to every land That is in the geography, And in each and all I've found that folks Are busy the whole year through, And everybody in every place Seemed to have something to do."

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

Once upon a time there was a man king, who was looking out for somebody to kill him at any time.

One day he was talking with a man who was very poor. The man asked him, why he was so miserable all the time, and he told him that he was so mean the people did not like him, and he thought they would kill him at any minute.

So he asked the king to exchange places with him for a while.

Everything went on all right until dinner, and he saw a sword hanging over his head by a horse hair. The king was ready to fall at any minute, so he left his place, and went to the king and said that he had rather be poor than rich.

The king told him that was the way he was all the time.

LUCY EDMONIA DUNN, No. 612 North Twenty-first Street.

MY TRIP TO BELMAR.

I left my home one evening about 2 o'clock and drove to the station four miles distant. I then took the train and went down to West Point, where I got on the boat and went to Baltimore. From Baltimore I went to Philadelphia, and there I took the train and after a long ride, I arrived at Belmar. At the station, there I was met by my four cousins. After a short walk we arrived at the house. I was tired and sleepy, so I soon went to bed. The next morning we went out fishing, and caught nearly fifty fish. Sometimes we used to go bathing in the ocean, and I was very much enjoying it. One day I went with my cousins to Connetquot. We spent the day there, and returned home. After a month of my trip I returned to Virginia.

By BESSIE RICHARDSON.

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

"Come on, Nell, it is time for bed. Aren't you tired of reading so long?" said Constance Boyd to Nellie, her younger sister. Nellie looked up at the clock on the mantel. "Have you finished the letter Constance?" she asked with a yawn.

"Oh, yes, I have finished the one to Mrs. Plann, and I am half through a letter to Geraldine," answered Constance, a tall girl of fifteen, with a wealth of auburn hair and brown eyes.

"Sure enough?" asked Nell, getting up and putting her book into the book-case.

"Yes, and I think it would be fine for us to try to make up a club, like the one Geraldine is making," said Constance, getting ready for bed. "I'm sure I would enjoy trying."

"Well, you may try, if you choose," said Nell, following her example, in a few minutes both were in bed and the gas had been turned down low.

So she gave no more thoughts to the subject, but many thoughts crowded themselves into Constance's brain as she lay awake that night. "Nell," she said, "I think you and I could get up a club."

"Oh, both the clubs, Constance? Who wants to sit up at this time a night and plan, I don't, and I do wish you would go to sleep. Geraldine is older than either one of us, and then Cincinnati is much larger than Bluefield, and as for clubs I belong to two and I think they keep me pretty busy. Good night," and Miss Nell turned over and soon was fast asleep.

"Indeed," muttered Constance, and she said no more. So she, too, went to sleep, but her dreams were filled with wonderful thoughts about various kinds of clubs.

She dreamt that she made a club, and that all the girls around had joined it, and they all went out into the woods on a picnic. And oh! What a grand time they had.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, and Nell woke up in a better humor.

That morning at breakfast, Majorie, the waitress, spilled a cup of coffee on Constance's new dress. "Oh, Majorie! Nellie! Just see what you have done!" exclaimed Miss Constance, who had been so proud of her new dress.

"Indeed, Miss Constance, I did not mean to spill that coffee; faith and I didn't," exclaimed Majorie in shame and fear.

Mrs. Boyd seeing the look of pain, said gently, "I know you didn't mean to do it, Majorie, but please be careful next time." "Yes," exclaimed Nell impatiently.

"If I was Con I'd made Miss Nellie pay for ruining my new dress."

"Nellie! Boyd!" it was her father's voice, and it was stern. Nellie blushed, and nothing more was said as to Majorie's constance or the dress.

The children went to school that morning, Nell sullen and impatient, and Constance, full of the thoughts of making a club.

At recess Nellie went off to herself, followed soon by her loving Stella Marvin.

That evening, Constance went home, ate her dinner as quickly as possible and hurried up to her room. She changed her dress, and then she went down into the parlor.

"What are you sitting there for, Constance? Nellie!" asked Nellie, passing by.

"Waiting to receive my company," said Constance, assuming an important air. "Going to organize a club, I suppose?"

"Yes, dear, I'm to be the president, Nellie Reese, the treasurer, and we will decide on the secretary this afternoon. You can join also if you choose, but from your speech at night, I suppose."

"Yes, dear, I'm to be the president, Nellie Reese, the treasurer, and we will decide on the secretary this afternoon. You can join also if you choose, but from your speech at night, I suppose."

"What shall we name the club?" was the next question.

"Flower Club," cried Nellie.

"The Helpers," said Nell, languidly.

"The Helping Hand Band," said Eliza.

"National Club," cried Blanche.

"Then, how about the 'National Flower Club'?" asked Constance. Then, each one said that it sounded nice, and that it suited.

"What flower do you like best for the emblem of our club?" she asked Nellie.

"My flower will do," said Nellie, and "Sunflower," cried Sunny Sadie. Every one smiled.

"Carnations," exclaimed Eliza.

"Roses," said Lucille.

"Daisies," echoed Nellie and Eliza.

"The majority rules," said Constance, and as daisies were chosen, each girl approved of them.

"What good will the club accomplish," asked Nellie.

At that was the question. After a long discussion it was decided that they should help the sick, poor and needy.

When the crowd dispersed, each one went with their heads full of thoughts. Each child, who was found to shirk, or not do her duty, would be fined ten cents. When all this was put together, they would buy flowers to take to the sick.

So all the summer long, the little band worked faithfully. Nellie, the girl who said, "I won't bother with your National Flower Club," became a loved member and only once did she put ten cents into the treasury.

The daisy was carried among the sick and lowly, and although the sunflower, carnation, rose and so forth, would have gained the higher rank, the little daisy found its way into many hearts and homes.

LOUISE K. KENNEDY, No. 67 East Clay Street, city.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Totty and Tratty and baby May. Hard at work on Arner Day. That night a sharp and cold rain fell. And there was a dear little baby pine. But it never will grow for oh dear me. They have planted the tree where the roots could be seen. Selected by DEBORAH TRAVETT, No. 10 East St., Elton, N. Y.

Dear Editor T. D. C. Club: I prefer the golden rod for a national flower and will try to write something about it.

LOUISE K. KENNEDY, No. 67 East Clay Street, city.

A GIRL'S HEAD.

Harold Cowles, Rochester, N. Y.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

ENTERTAINMENT

"Oh, children! Just think! Poor old Katherine Jones can't pay the mortgage on her cottage, and they are going to turn her out. How can we help her?"

"Let's have an entertainment among us children, and charge ten cents to come in, and give her the money," said Mabel Gray. "A golden rod entertainment, for the golden rod is lovely, and Paul recites beautifully."

The poem:

TO THE GOLDEN ROD.
Hail to thee flower of a people united,
From ocean to ocean, fair child of the sun!

Slender of a union perpetually plighted,
Hail to thee! symbol of many in one!

Single the stalk, though many thy branches;
Countless thy blooms as the waves of the sea;

One as the ocean, diverse as the billows,
Symbol of liberty—flower of the free.

On hills of New England, in glades of the Southland;
Where unfettered winds o'er the broad prairies run;

Everywhere fearless, fit mate for the eagle,
Flower of the nation, the many in one.

Lift up thy head, golden flower of the nation,
Bend while we crown thee bright child of the sun!

Semper ubique—a pluribus unum.
Beautiful golden rod, many in one.

"Some can say pieces about the characteristics of the golden rod. The girls must dress in white, with yellow sashes, and the boys must pin a spray of golden rod on their coats. May Lewis can say that beautiful piece on 'Encouragement' and Harry, our last year's orator, can write a piece about a beautiful field of golden rod waving its graceful golden plumes, and Lucy West, can speak about Hardwood, and Joe about Independence, and I will end the evening by pointing out many useful lessons we can learn from the golden rod. Then we will all form a semi-circle and sing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' It will be a very fine thing!"

The golden folks approved of this idea and helped the children to carry it out. It proved a grand success, and they raised more than enough money to save old Kathy's cottage.

"Let's have the golden rod for our national flower," said Mabel Gray.

ROBERT E. BRUCE JR.

THE HERO OF CHESTNUT HILL.

Once a boy lived with a farmer. One day he went out to get the cubs from the pasture. When he got to the farm, one of the cows was missing. It was too late to go back after her, so the next morning he went and found her. Her horns were hung in the chestnut bushes. After he had found her, he heard a heavy sound, so he left Daisy on the top of the hill, and went down to the bottom of the hill to see what made the heavy sound. It was the land slipping on the railroad track. He did not know what to do, so he pulled off his coat and then pulled off his red shirt, which the farmer's wife made for him last night, and he waved it to the train stopped and the engineer told him "what was the matter."

He said the land had slipped all over the track. Sidney went to get Daisy and went back to farm. The next morning he saw in the paper, "Hero of Chestnut Hill" in large letters.

Yours truly,
MEXIE ENGELBERG,
38 North Fourth Street.

PERSEPHONE.

Listen! What a sudden rustle
Fills the air!
All the birds are in a bustle
Everywhere.

Such a ceaseless hum and twitter
Overhead!
Such a flash of wings that glitter
Wide outspread!

Far away I hear a drumming—
Tap, tap, tap!
Can the woodpecker be coming
After sap?

Butterflies are hovering over
(Swarms over swarms)
Yonder meadow patch of clover,
Like snow storms.

Up at dawn are midlets dancing
On the grass;
How their gauzy wings are glancing
As they pass!

This presaging stir and humming,
"Chirp and hum,"
Mean it means that spring is coming;
Spring is here!

MARTHA BROWN,
313 North Adams Street, city.

WHITE RABBIT.

By Minnie Pearson, Portland, Me.

LITTLE GARDNER.

By Helen Lorraine, city.

THE NASTURTIUM.

The nasturtium is one of the best annual flowers. They are easy to grow, very pretty and have a very pretty leaf. They bear many flowers of almost any color. When dry specks come they are very good to stand them.

We have two beds of nasturtiums, and they grow right along. They are good for pickles when their seed pods come.

MARY SMITH LYNN,
Scruggs, Va.

A GRAND SURPRISE.

Madge and Edith and Helen had plenty of dolls to play with. They had a baby house, a pair of tame rabbits and a big dog. They rolled hoops, played at keeping store and made mud pies. But better than anything else they liked to dress up in their Aunt Kate's dresses and play children for their mother's eyes.

Aunt Kate did not like to lend her dresses, for they were always dusty when returned to her, and sometimes were torn; and it was a good deal of trouble to put them on the little girls, for of course, they did not fit, and the sleeves were too long. But the kind aunt did not know how to refuse the children when they begged so hard.

"Make a train of my dress," Madge would always say; and then Edith and Helen would beg for train, too.

"I wish there were trains to your own dresses," said Aunt Kate; "then, perhaps, you wouldn't want mine so often."

"And we wish your dresses fitted us," said Madge. "All the waists are too big."

While the little girl was speaking, a bright idea came into Aunt Kate's head. Christmas was near at hand, and she had been wondering for they already had given children for they already had given toys that they needed. Now, she knew just what to give them.

She was shut up in her room nearly all day for two weeks, and kept the door locked. The little girls could not get in, and they were very angry. On Christmas morning they had a grand surprise. Under the stocking of each child lay a big pasteboard box. Madge opened her's first, and found a lovely little dress of blue cashmere, which reached to the floor, and had a long train at the back. The waist was a perfect fit, and there was a little bonnet to match. Edith's suit was cardinal, and Helen's was pink; and they had after breakfast so anxious were they to dress up in their new clothes.

By RAY BRITTON,
Wakefield, Va.

THE LITTLE GIRLS' PICNIC.

"Oh! what a pretty day," said Susie Brown to her little friend, Mattie Wells, who was playing with Susie in the yard.

"Yes," said Mattie, "let's to the summer house and have a picnic."

The summer house was not very far away. It was built over a spring, and had seats all around it.

"All right," said Susie, "I'll go over and get the water. You get things ready for the picnic."

"Now," said Susie, "you must pretend to be my mother, because you are so much larger than I am."

"Nellie Wells!" said Mattie, "I'll be the nurse!"

Said Mattie, "and maybe she will bring her little sister, Nancy, to be one of my children, too."

"Now, you hurry up and go and get them, and don't stay long," said Susie, and she went down to the summer house and fixed everything ready. Mrs. Brown, Susie's mother, gave her some cake and candy and a little bottle of lemonade, and she carried the things down to the house and fixed them ready. Then she came back to the house and dressed herself like a grown girl. About that time the others came in, and they had lots of little things, which their mother sent. They all went down to the summer house, Mattie, their mother, leading them. Lella Wells was a young lady staying with Mattie. She and Mattie would go visiting and leave the children at home with Nellie, the nurse. They gave Nellie orders not to leave the house, nor let the children take any of their good things. As soon as they had left Susie ran off, and she would not come back. Nancy behaved very nicely. Mattie did not stay long. When she got there she found Susie gone. So she sent Nellie after her. Nellie brought her back, and her mother gave her a good whipping. They sat down at the table and ate all of the good things. After that they played a while, and then they went home tired and broken down.

ROBERTA WALLER.

MORNING GLORIES.

Of all of the beautiful flowers morning glories are my favorite. They beautify every home, and there are so many ways of using them. They may be trained to climb up the fences, walls of houses and various other ways. I am sure every little girl who loves them, especially for their exquisite odor, and the sweet honey put there by the busy little workers, "the bees." This mixture of honey and the sweet odor affords health to those who honor this dear plant or vine as it is usually called.

MARIE C. REDDIN,
1434 E. Main Street, city.

THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Answer to Charade—Mirror.

Half Square.

No. 2—N-e-e-v-a-d-a

R-e-a-t-o

V-a-s-o

A-t-e

D-o

Rhomboid.

No. 3—R-a-u-d

N-e-e-r

P-e-o-m

R-e-a-t-o

Answer to Conundrum—Chicago.

Letter enigma: Answer—New York.

Answers to Conundrums.

1.—Because such a thing had never entered his head before.

2.—They saved a little prophet (profit) from the rushes on the bank.

3.—One missed the train, the other trains the mind.

4.—Because it goes from month to month.

5.—Because his business makes him selfish.

6.—Because the pressure makes him flatter.

7.—He rarely appears until the storm is over.

8.—He has such winning ways.

9.—Because words are always passing between them.

10.—They are regular, irregular, and defective.

11.—Because it is unlawful to convict a man without a hearing.

12.—In the dilemma.

Answer to the Riddle—The Whale.

Answers to Acrostic.

1.—Romeus.

2.—Orpheus.

3.—Mars.

4.—Echo.

Name of City—Rome.

Answer to Sophistical Argument.

A sheet of ruled paper in an ink lined (inclined) plane, an inclined plane is a slope up, and a slow pup is a lazy dog.

MARIAN HELLER.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Charade.

In North Carolina the beautiful first trees grow.

In Pennsylvania the second trees grow, stand row by row.

In Cuba the fruit trees are seen.

With their white fruit among the leaves so green.

Acrostic.

1. Is a part of a grate.

2. An interjection.

3. A girl's name.

4. To locate.

5. Suffixes.

"The initials and final spell pleasure conveyed."

ROBERT SHERMAN,
Manchester.

Conundrums.